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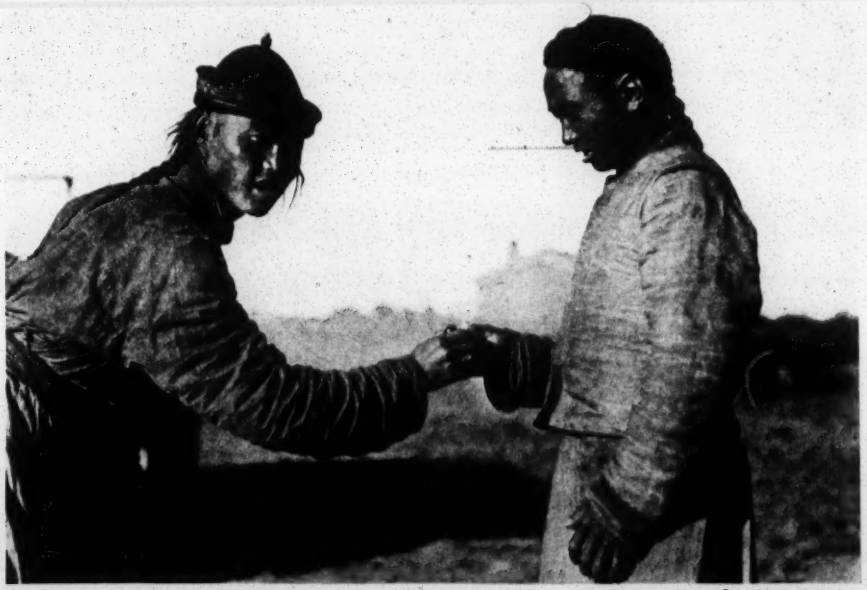

Photograph by Leonid Dalevitch

OLD MONGOL CUSTOMS GOVERN COURTESY IN ASIA'S "WILD EAST"

Where western Manchuria merges into the land of the Mongols, nomads resent outside authority and customs. Instead of the imported fedora, their headgear consists of turbans or brimmed skull caps, and the old-fashioned queue also survives. The stranger seeking hospitality in this realm of widely spaced felt tents and no hotels needs to remember a single rule: "Observe etiquette, and the tent is yours." Etiquette requires that guest and host exchange snuff bottles, in a gesture shown in the picture above. For evidence that Manchuria also has thoroughly modern areas, see the illustration following Bulletin No. 2.

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Graz, Austria—Where War Is an Old Story

HISTORY has been in the making for a thousand years in the ancient city of Graz, Austria, where the cannon and machine guns of government troops recently nipped in the bud a plan for a huge rally of Austrian Nazis.

The Nazi episode is only the latest chapter in the story of the old stronghold of Graz, which goes back at least to 881 A. D. Graz began making history when barbarian warriors in pre-Roman times built a crude fort on the Schlossburg, a 300-foot hill that dominates the city to this day.

No fort stands there now; only a bell tower with "Liesl," a giant four-ton bell, and a square clock tower to tell Graz folk the time. Below, the city spreads along both banks of the Mur River, where the brown waters of the stream pour forth from a narrow mountain defile into the broad, fertile basin of the Grayer Feld.

Cannonball Carries Away Turk's Duck Dinner

Its dark-red roof tops are surrounded on three sides by steep, green, wooded slopes of hills that belong to an eastern extension of the Austrian Alps. Medieval houses rise abruptly from the edge of the river, and crowd their walls of cool blue, gray, and pale pink closely around narrow streets and alleys that take the visitor back to a bygone age.

From a top-floor window of one old house there stares forth an angry-visaged bust of a Turkish officer, obviously annoyed about something. It commemorates the time, so the story goes, when the invading Turks had taken the city and were besieging the citadel on the Schlossburg, which still held out. A Turkish officer was dining on roast duck in this very room, when an Austrian cannonball crashed into the room and neatly carried away the duck!

Wars and arms are no novelty to Graz. Twice the city resisted the Turks in their invasion of Europe. Hungarian invaders, too, were stopped at the frowning citadel on the heights.

Napoleon a Visitor in 1797

Later came the French forces attacking more successfully, and twice occupied the city. Napoleon stayed there in 1797.

One of the sights of Graz is the old Arsenal, dating from the 17th century. It now is packed with enough armor and obsolete weapons to equip an army of several thousand men. Everything is kept in perfect condition—plate armor, chain mail, helmets, horse armor, swords (some of them two-handed), lances, battle-axes, flintlocks, and cannon. The warriors of those days must have been muscular men, but short in stature. Not a single suit of the armor would fit a 6-foot man, but some of the weapons could have been wielded only by men of terrific strength.

Manufacture of iron and steel products still is an important industry in Graz, with the raw material drawn from the huge mountain of almost solid iron ore nearby in the province of Styria, of which Graz is the capital. The 150,000 residents of the city find employment also in other industries: making bicycles, wagons, machinery, champagne, beer, linen, leather goods, paper, and chemicals.

Its many parks give Graz the name of "Austria's Garden City." In the nearby mountains vacationists enjoy hiking, mountain climbing, and hunting, especially the chamois, shy and agile Alpine animal.

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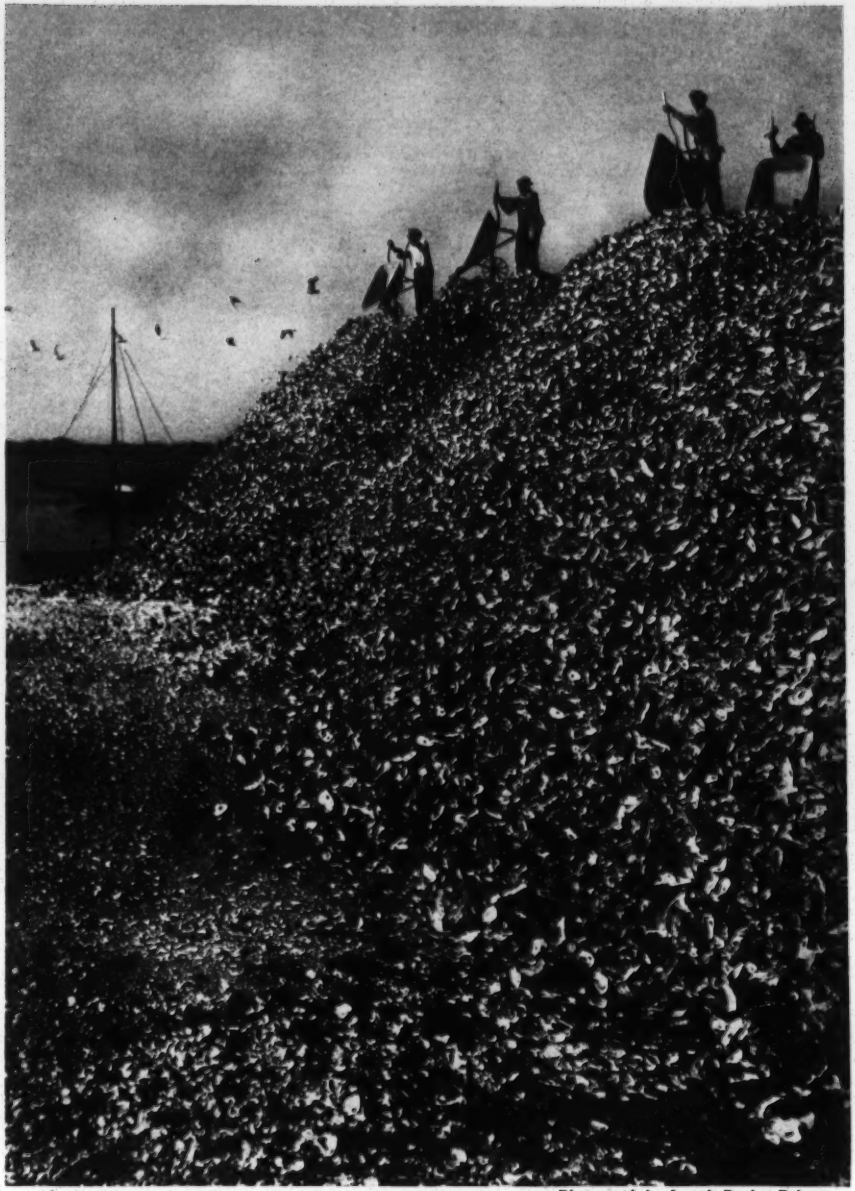

Photograph by Joseph Baylor Roberts

OYSTERS INDIRECTLY BUILD A MONUMENT TO THEIR OWN INDUSTRY

Piles of oyster shells accumulating by the wheelbarrow-load along the beach of Biloxi, Mississippi, hint of the great extent of local activity in what is one of the most valuable water crops. This is a modern counterpart of the prehistoric "kitchen middens," the ancient shell mounds which testify to earlier man's delight in a shellfish diet. Possibly the largest shell mound on record is that along the Damariscotta River in Maine, piled up when the Algonquin Indians came down from the Maine woods to summer sprees of oyster eating—all the more remarkable since Maine is now the only Atlantic seaboard State which does not have oysters. The Biloxi mounds grow not from a shell-to-mouth but a shell-to-can-to-consumer industry, for here half the U. S. oysters packed for wider distribution find their way into Biloxi cans (Bulletin No. 3).

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Manchuria-Manchukuo: A Double Problem in Diplomacy

AGAIN Manchuria is a bone of contention. When Germany last month officially recognized that block of northeastern Asia as an independent state, Japan was delighted and China was offended. China lodged a protest against German recognition, claiming that Manchuria is still Chinese territory.

The area in question is a splendid example of what's in a name. Manchuria is a geographical term for the territory bounded by the U.S.S.R. on the north, Chosen on the southeast, China on the southwest, and Mongolia on the west. The name Manchukuo has a political significance, being the Japanese title for the "Independent State of Manchuria." Another term sometimes used, Manchutikuo, implies the "Imperial State of Manchuria."

Flag Colors Symbolize Five Racial Groups

Recognition of this infant state, whose existence is denied by parent China, has already been granted by Japan, Italy, and San Salvador. A Declaration of Independence was trumpeted forth from this region on February 18, 1932.

The yellow flag promptly hoisted by young Manchukuo bears stripes of red, white, blue, and black. Yellow is the imperial color of the country's Manchu emperor, the erstwhile occupant of the Dragon Throne of all China. The other hues are to signify the presence of Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and Mongols also.

The Japanese are in authority; the Chinese are in the majority. Immigrants from adjacent provinces of China, packed shoulder to shoulder in ship or railway car, have been pouring northward for years; over a million colonists arrived in 1927 and again in 1929. Chinese are numerous enough to joke slyly about the neighbors who have pushed in from north and south respectively as rivals for the country, calling them "Big Noses" (Russians) and "Little Noses" (Japanese).

Russian border of Manchukuo is the gold-bearing river Amur. Its generally used Russian name, meaning "River of Peace," has been often contradicted by border incidents; more appropriate is the Chinese title, Heilungkiang—Black Dragon River. The same name applies to the largest and least populous Manchurian province, tucked under the river's elbow. A strange tribe in this territory, called Fishskin Tartars because their light summer clothes are made of waterproof salmon skin, has some traits in common with American Indians.

Tiger and Leopard Pelts at Tsitsihar

The colorful inhabitants of the Manchu State spread over an area twice as large as Texas, four times as large as Great Britain. The population is already one-fourth as great as that of the United States. In comparison with China, Manchukuo is one-fourth as extensive and only one-thirteenth as thickly populated.

Another contrast with the mother country to the south is that rich forests cover a third of Manchuria, although oak and walnut logs have at times been recklessly cut to fuel engines of trains or river steamers. Trappers follow the fox and the squirrel, stack up fortunes in sable and ermine, and down to Tsitsihar for sale they bring richly tawny pelts of tiger and leopard. Another forest product is wild silk, reeled from cocoons of silkworms gathered from their favorite dwarf oak.

Most of the promise of Manchuria, called the "Promised Land" of China and Japan, is fulfilled by yields of the rich soil. Half of the country is steppe, but bad weather and not bad soil makes it so. Over half the soya bean crop of the world ripens in bean fields scattered over one-fourth of the territory. Wheat, corn, and

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The center of Graz is the Hauptplatz, with the town hall, four fountains representing the four rivers of Styria, and the market, colorful with green peppers, watermelons, figs, peaches, nectarines, and muscatel grapes.

Note: Additional photographs and descriptions of Austria will be found in "Salzkammergut, a Playground of Austria," *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1937; "Merry Maskers of Imst," August, 1936; "Styria, a Favored Vacation Land of Central Europe," October, 1932; "Entering the Front Doors of Medieval Towns," March, 1932; "Looking Down on Europe," March, 1925; "The Battle-Line of Languages in Western Europe," February, 1923; and "Vienna—A Capital Without a Nation," January, 1923.

Graz may be located on The Society's new Map of Europe which will be issued as a supplement to the April, 1938, *National Geographic Magazine*. Separate copies may subsequently be obtained from The Society's Washington, D. C., headquarters at 50c (paper) and 75c (linen).

Bulletin No. 1, March 21, 1938.

Photograph by Burton Holmes from Galloway

OUTSIDE GRAZ, THE SLOW AND SIMPLE RURAL TEMPO PREVAILS

Scattered through the pleasant Mur valley, which is dominated by the busy city of Graz, halfway down to Austria's southern border, are villages untouched by the machine age. Half of the province of Styria is forested over, but the rich valley lands have been cleared for farming and meadow country. The summer's crop of hay is harvested largely by hand, and hoarded for the cattle's winter fodder in strange strawstacks. Sometimes the stacks are constructed around crude crosses and resemble scarecrows. These tall poles are being padded with bundles of straw until they look like rows of bushy shrubs. The little girl in pinafore and blonde "pigtails" considers it perfectly normal that the whole family shall help with the harvest.

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Offshore Oil Prospecting Endangers Oyster Beds

LATEST shellfish-story concerns the oysters which are apparently killed, as innocent bystanders, by dynamite blasts set off in the process of oil prospecting around Empire, Louisiana. The same violent vibrations which make blasting audible in the air, under water create concussions which injure oysters.

How can the oyster be so sensitive when he has no ears, no eyes, not even a brain? Tiny colored polka dots around the hem of his fleshy mantle, touching his shell's edge, serve as sentries. If the mere shadow of a boat passes over, they give the signal for snapping shut the shell door.

Biggest Crop From Maryland and Virginia

Study of this brainless creature has busied brilliant scientists, for he supports the most valuable marine industry in United States waters. Sixteen million dollars' worth of this twin-shelled seafood is hauled out of watery beds annually. Next most important American fishery is the capture of the vigorous flashing salmon, and the Alaskan salmon industry must be added to that of the United States proper to exceed the value of the sluggish, shapeless, drab little oyster.

The relative succulence of "blue points" and "sea salts," or Chincoteagues and Lynnhavens, or Rockaways and Absecons, has been discussed over many a steaming stew and many a plate of ice-chilled half shells. But omitting questions of quality, it is easy to crown Maryland and Virginia as the leading oyster States in the country. Between them, chiefly in the Chesapeake Bay area, they harvest four and a half million bushels of oysters a year. Nearest competitors are the Gulf States, Mississippi (illustration, inside cover) and Louisiana, with New Jersey ranking fifth, according to latest figures.

The lilies of the field, though they toil not neither do they spin, are hardly more languorous than oysters. The tranquil shellfish, having neither arms nor legs nor any means of locomotion, spends his usual five-year life span just sitting still. His one form of exercise is gargling. With the two valves of his shell slightly ajar, he "breathes" water as humans breathe air, pumping as much as 4½ gallons an hour through his system and filtering from it the microscopic plants, called diatoms, which are the oyster vegetarian's principal nourishment. After an 18-hour day, this powerful little bivalve pumping station literally closes up. He is fastidious about the temperature of his day-long drink; when the water cools below about 42 degrees, he won't touch it—just battens down the hatches and hibernates till spring.

Enemy Starfish Are Mopped Up

An oyster's life is not just one long blissful swallow after another. Sometimes it's an oyster-catcher after an oyster, and when the oyster-catcher flies over to an oyster-bed at low tide, inserts his red bill, and snips the muscle by which the bivalve shuts his shell, the oyster may as well abandon hopes of ever growing up to be a stew. Under water, the danger is a starfish, which envelops the shell in a fatal five-armed hug; as soon as the oyster relaxes and opens its shell for a crack, the starfish sends its stomach in to digest the pudgy victim. Starfish appetites for shellfish can depopulate an oyster bed; fishermen actually drag rope mops over their territory to clear starfish away.

The oyster shell, which is adequate armor against most enemies, is a series of paper-thin layers built up from the outside inward, so that the occupant always wears his freshest stony coat next to his skin. It accounts for four-fifths of the animal's weight.

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the giant millet growing 10 feet high (*kaoliang*) are as plentiful here as rice in southern China.

A flourishing industry is the mining of ore and casting of pig iron, the "pigs" being shipped to Japanese steel mills. "Iron" is the meaning of the Liao, the leading river of Manchuria's southwest. Coal, at the remarkable deposit of Fushun, is not mined from shafts but "quarried" from sides of a giant bowl of solid coal. Gold and magnesite are additional mineral riches.

The Manchurian railroads, always a source of international tension, speed exports to best-customer Japan; and distribute imports from Shanhaikwan, just outside China's Great Wall, to the far northern town of Heiho on the Russian border river Amur. A 30 per cent increase in mileage since 1932 gives Manchukuo almost as much railway as all of China.

Slower but no surer is traffic by river, still jammed with ponderous Chinese junks. Ace stream of Manchuria is the Sungari, the "River of Heaven."

Floods swell the rivers at times, but less disastrously than in China. Only two months of the year, July and August, are very rainy. Winters are dry and frozen far below zero, although the latitude corresponds with that of France. Summer brings dust storms sweeping eastward from the dry steppes of Mongolia.

Growth of trade has boomed Manchurian cities; seven have more than a quarter of a million population. The trade centers of Harbin (Russian-planned as a copy of Moscow) and Mukden (first to be occupied in 1932 by Japanese troops) are larger than the capital Hsinking, formerly the town of Changchun in the midst of Mongolian pasture lands. Nine-days'-wonder is the boom of the former fishing village of Dalny into the outstanding Asiatic port of Dairen today (illustration, below). Streets radiate like wheel spokes, as in Washington, D. C.

Note: See also "Coastal Cities of China," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1934; "Here in Manchuria," February, 1933; "Byroads and Backwoods of Manchuria," January, 1932; and "Manchuria, Promised Land of Asia," October, 1929.

Bulletin No. 2, March 21, 1938.

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DAIREN'S WAITING ROOM DIDN'T WAIT TO CATCH UP WITH THE TIMES

At the docks of Dairen, booming port exceeded only by Shanghai on China's coast, an up-to-date waiting room gives evidence of Manchuria's progressiveness. The Japanese women's costumes are the only Oriental touch. Distinctly Occidental are the suits, shoes, and straw hats on the men, electric lighting, Roman numerals on the posts, and modern building materials.

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Gold Rush Follows Cold Rush to Baguio in the Philippines

ONCE Baguio was the leisurely summer resort of the more fortunate among the population of Manila, in the Philippine Islands. The exodus to the cool mountain town was so general that Baguio was virtually the Philippine summer capital.

Now it is not cold but gold that lures newcomers. Mines are being sunk into the surrounding hillsides to such humid, torrid depths that mules cannot survive to help the miners. Everyone in Baguio, says the latest rumor, is searching either for gold, or for gold mine stock to invest in, or for a customer to sell mine stock to.

Cold Summer Nights Call for Blankets

Gold fever climbs all the higher because temperatures in pine-scented Baguio are lower and pleasanter than on the hot humid coast of the island of Luzon. The mountain resort is easy to reach from Manila, being about 150 miles north of the capital but one mile higher above sea level.

A train journey of only a few hours from the capital brings you to Dagupan or Damortis. By automobile from either place you may be whisked around loops of the tortuous Benguet Road which climbs out of the tropical lowlands up rain-gashed mountain slopes to a temperate climate.

After the long pull up the narrow but well-kept road, you coast down easy grades to comfort and modernity at Baguio. In the humid coast towns you may have kicked the burdensome sheet to the bed-foot, but in the uplands of Benguet Province pine-log fires and the weight of blankets are welcome.

The 13,000-acre town patterns the central depression of a natural green saucer among the hilltops. The design is the creation of the famous American landscape architect, D. H. Burnham. Buildings have been widely scattered to preserve the spaciousness that vacationists demand. Baguio's winter population is small, but as hot weather strikes the lowlands it is augmented by the thousands who throng there for relief. Although the Philippine Government no longer shifts its activities there in summer, many officials still keep their Baguio homes.

Flowers in Subtropical Profusion

Sturdy and fragrant pines are scattered over rounded grassy knolls in a landscape as green as Killarney. Palms and other torrid vegetation were left behind with the heat. A few subtropical plants, however, hold their own in the highlands. Big tree ferns are Titans' umbrellas with ten-foot handles, fibrous ribs, and fronds as long as your arm. Cramped flower fanciers of Manila can practice their hobby to their hearts' content here among orchids, geraniums, roses, hydrangeas, lilies, and blood-red bougainvillea. Flower gardens, terraced like the natives' mountainside rice fields, parallel the roads and mottle the slopes.

The business part of Baguio and some of the administrative buildings overlook a canoe-dotted lake. On opposite hillsides stand the green-latticed city hall and the buildings and cottages that were formerly used by the government. Away up in the clouds looms the massive rest house of the Dominican Order to which the Archbishop of Manila often retreats. Several of the most beautiful upland homes are occupied by mission organizations. There Philippine branches of the Y.M.C.A. and Knights of Columbus also maintain dormitories. Gardens and playgrounds,

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"Used" oyster shells from shucking plants frequently are shoveled overboard right back where they started from, to serve as incubators for the next generation. The infant oyster starts life as one of its mother's millions and floats around recklessly for two weeks of babyhood—its only chance to see the world. For as soon as it gains weight enough to sink to the bottom, it must pick out a nice clean shell or rock or piece of broken glass and settle down for life. A settling oyster is said to be "setting," and the shells tossed over to anchor him are called "cultch." Following the examples of the forefathers on whose remains he roosts, he starts to build himself a constantly expanding stone house—for the shell and the pearl, no matter how lustrous, are in the final analysis over 90 per cent calcium carbonate.

Famous French oyster nurseries are those at Marennes, where diked-in muddy ponds fatten the bivalves until they acquire the greenish hue which gourmets prize.

Note: For comparison with present-day methods of oyster cultivation, see "World's Most Valuable Water Crop," *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1913. Additional photographs and text references concerning oysters will be found in "Machines Come to Mississippi," September, 1937; "Denizens of Our Warm Atlantic Waters," February, 1937; "Sea Creatures of Our Atlantic Shores," August, 1936; "Diamond Delaware, Colonial Still," September, 1935; "Maine, the Outpost State," May, 1935; "The Golden Isles of Guale," February, 1934; "New Jersey Now!" May, 1933; "Washington, the Evergreen State," February, 1933; "St. Malo, Ancient City of the Corsairs," August, 1929; "Jamaica, the Isle of Many Rivers," January, 1927; and "America's Surpassing Fisheries," June, 1916.

See also in the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS: "Colchester, Where the Oyster Is King for a Day," week of October 15, 1934.

Bulletin No. 3, March 21, 1938.

Photograph by Jacob Gayer

DREDGES SNATCH THE OYSTERS OUT OF BED BY THE BUSHEL

Dredges are not permitted in Chesapeake Bay, where the oyster beds are harvested by "tonging" with implements resembling a pair of long-handled garden rakes fastened together scissors fashion. Farther north, however, the oyster crop is reaped with dredges of various capacities, sometimes as high as 30 bushels. The dredge is a metal mesh bag on a rectangular frame, the front bar of which is equipped with teeth to rake in bivalves as it is dragged along from the side of the boat. The spread sails of the oyster fleet are reminders that some States forbid boats to drag dredges while operating under power, but permit dredging while under sail.

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Natchez, Sleeping Beauty of the South

THERE is no tiptoeing through Natchez, or hushing of voices. Yet there is an atmosphere of slumbrous calm. Moss festoons the live oak trees with gray beards like the cobwebs in the palace of Sleeping Beauty. Gardens terraced in pink azaleas and creamy gardenias among dark green lacquer leaves are like the flowers that decked Snow White in her gold and glass casket, napping away the seasons fresh and unchanged. For Natchez dropped off into a doze in the 19th century. This month thousands of visitors are crowding the Mississippi town, during two "Pilgrimage Weeks," to view the past of the old South that is sleeping late.

The annual Pilgrimage leads visitors into the gracious interiors of from twenty to thirty private homes about a century old, substantially built, furnished with the antebellum elegance of rosewood chairs, mahogany doors with sterling silver hinges and knobs, carved mantels of Carrara marble, imported French mirrors twenty feet high, and spiral staircases scarred with the spurs of Union soldiers. That a Mississippi River town of 15,000, halfway between Memphis and New Orleans, can contain twenty such mansions, each known by its own name, is evidence of a high-water mark of the old Southern plantation culture.

Town Almost Untouched Since Civil War Days

But the high tide of cotton and rice and indigo commerce receded. The town remained almost untouched after Civil War times, except that the family silver was dug up. In the mansion of Melrose, a carved wooden punkah is suspended above the dining room table as solidly as if electric fans were not yet invented. In the Gold Room of Arlington prisms tinkle around candle sockets in chandeliers too massive for this electric age. The eight-sided brick shell of Longwood, with its 32 octagonal rooms topped by a glass tower with bulbous Byzantine dome, stands unfinished and empty, windows boarded up, lathes warping on unplastered walls, caretakers dwelling in basement rooms which alone were made habitable before workmen and master went off to Confederate camps.

Such paralysis, not devastation, was the Civil War's curse on the town. Federal bombardment of Natchez in 1862 lasted only an hour, and the ammunition was defective. The lofty colonnades of Clifton, with surrounding gardens and grottoes and summer houses, were blown up afterwards by order of an officer of the Union garrison, who, according to tradition, was enraged at not being invited there. Monteigne was turned over to freed slaves, and horses were stabled in the drawing room. But, on the whole, few houses were damaged even as much as Stanton Hall, which caught a shell in its cupola.

Part of the town has vanished, literally washed away by the Mississippi. Where several streets paralleled the water's edge a century ago, the untrammeled carousing of traders and boatmen made Natchez-under-the-Hill a name for lifting eyebrows. The critical citizenry moved to the brow of the steep bluff 200 feet above and spread a neat tree-lined checkerboard of white-pillared brick homes; here Natchez-on-the-Hill started its stately traditions. Only a single street has the river allowed to remain at the foot of the bluff, where steamboats stop and an hourly ferry runs across to Vidalia, Louisiana.

Natchez Indians, French Pioneers, Spanish Dons, and American Patriots

At times Natchez is concerned over steamboats at the wharf loading cotton bales by the thousand, or over local sugar cane and candy manufacture, or over planing mills to feed native lumber into the town's box factory, one of the country's larger plants. In the spring, however, tree-shaded streets and deep lawns are aglow with pink and cerise azaleas, with the scarlet camellias Varina Davis used to wear in her dark hair before husband Jefferson took her away to be the tragic First Lady of the Confederacy. Cherokee roses mask crumbling garden walls with the flush of youth, and Natchez concerns itself with the past, which is almost miraculously present still.

The Natchez Trace, modern highway still winding over the route of an Indian forest trail, brings visitors on the Natchez Pilgrimage to two centuries of history. The very name comes from the sun-worshiping Indians of White Apple village who in July, 1716, smoked the calumet of peace before the French fort just established by Bienville and named Fort Rosalie in honor of Mme. la Duchesse de Pontchartrain. The mansion Rosalie, one of the most gracious in the Natchez exhibit, stands on ground, blood-soaked in 1729 when the same Indian tribe massacred 200 in the French stronghold within two hours.

One of the oldest buildings in the region is the compact low-ceilinged King's Tavern, which

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social and dining halls of one extensive recreation camp offer refuge to Filipino and foreign teachers from many districts.

Truck Gardeners Raise Temperate Zone Vegetables

Two miles out of the city is well-groomed Camp John Hay. There army men wearied by the climate "down below" can regain their vigor. Varicolored stone terraces ring the slopes of the Camp's celebrated open air amphitheater where concerts, lectures, and religious meetings are held.

The town's 18-hole golf course, country club, baseball diamonds, movie theater, schools, garage, ice plant, telephone exchange, hydro-electric installation, observatory, library, and water supply system recall those of any American *Middletown*.

Nearby in Trinidad Valley, Japanese and Chinese truck gardeners raise strawberries, lettuce, cabbages, string beans, tomatoes, and other Temperate Zone fruits and vegetables for local and Manila markets. In the valley also are a government stock farm and agricultural school. Southwestward from Baguio, Mt. Santo Tomas lifts its 7,400-foot head. From its summit is revealed a spacious view over mountains and valleys away to the lowlands and the China Sea.

Note: Other Philippine photographs and references will be found in "As the Tuan Had Said," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1933; "Unexplored Philippines from the Air," September, 1930; "Some Impressions of 150,000 Miles of Travel," May, 1930.

See also the Map of the Pacific Ocean, issued as a supplement to the December, 1936, *Geographic*, on which are shown the Philippines as well as other Pacific Island possessions of the United States. Separate copies of this map are available at 50c (paper) and 75c (linen).

Bulletin No. 4, March 21, 1938.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

ONLY PARASOLS, STRAW HATS, AND WHITE SUITS BETRAY THE TROPICAL PHILIPPINE CLIMATE

The mountain coolness of Baguio creates a landscape unexpected in the Philippines—substantial houses, no palm trees, no thatched roofs. On market days, those erstwhile sworn enemies of the white man, the Igorot natives, bring their farm produce in for sale. A group of them (lower right) can be recognized by their dark skins, scant costumes, and white head bands. Their produce is transported over mountain trails in baskets (lower right) or in the hooded carts lined up in a row on the opposite side of the market place (upper left).

was sheltering travelers down the Natchez Trace perhaps before Spaniards wrested the town from English captors in 1779. Old though it is, some of its timbers had already been used before; their holes and pegs hint of previous service on a sailing vessel.

Each mansion has a paragraph of history to contribute. Windy Hill Manor gave Aaron Burr sanctuary before he was convicted of high treason. Madeline's Walk is still the name of the pathway where he urged Madeline Price to run away with him when he galloped into a stormy night and forfeited his $5,000 bail. The Briars, secluded plantation house, has another romance, for in the parlor Jefferson Davis married Varina Howell in 1845. Another famous wedding in the Natchez country was Andrew (Old Hickory) Jackson's to his long-loved Rachel in 1791. General Grant played billiards at Elmscourt. Henry Clay climbed the spiral staircase at Auburn, as did the composer of that early American opera hit, "Home, Sweet Home"—John Howard Payne. Audubon painted birds on the set of china now filling a wall cabinet at Green Leaves.

Even less famous names have given Natchez colorful drama. Mystery haunts Monmouth, whose master Congressman John Quitman came home from Washington to die; was he really poisoned at President Buchanan's inaugural banquet? The plantation of Brandon now has a paying crop of 500 pecan trees because a passing stranger, in gratitude for a night's lodging, gave his Irish host Gerard Brandon a handful of pecans—first in the region—with advice to plant them. Sturdy and austere Hope Farm did not fulfill the hope of the Spanish governor, Don Carlos de Grand Pré, who built a new front on it; shortly afterwards Spanish governors were among the unemployed of Natchez, for General "Mad Anthony" Wayne slipped quietly into town and claimed it for the new United States. Red brick Gloucester, with huge white Corinthian columns supporting a double-decked "gallery," was home of the Puritan governor who took over Mississippi for American rule; his opinion of the wild new country shows in iron-barred windows and a dry moat around the house. He even required a passport of those venturing across the State line between Mississippi and Louisiana.

Note: Additional photographs of Natchez will be found in "Machines Come to Mississippi," *National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1937; and "The Great Mississippi Flood of 1927," September, 1927.

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Photograph by Joseph Baylor Roberts

STILES AND STYLES DON'T CHANGE IN NATCHEZ

A stile is as difficult to climb over in Natchez today as it was a century ago—when the climbing young lady wears a century-old costume. Both dresses and stile date from the ample days when Natchez belles had servants to run their errands across fences. Costumes of the hoop-skirt-and-pantalette period are unfolded from Natchez trunks to be worn by local hostesses during Pilgrimage Week. Some of the heirloom dresses, of satin and lace or more fragile mull and tarletan, were designed by Worth of Paris, stylist to Empress Eugénie, or were patiently stitched up at home with inspiration from Godey's Lady's Book. The shadowy festoons on the trees are hanging Spanish moss.